With My Hands

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With My Hands

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Will's colleague buys him a spa package, his masseuse is an ex-doctor who took up massage therapy after he lost one too many patients...

Chapter 1

Will was so far beyond his comfort zone that he was thirty seconds away from getting back up off the bed he'd been told to make himself comfortable on, and walking out of the place. Probably without even bothering to change back into his clothes from the robe he'd been provided with. The robe now hung on the back of the door as he lay there, face down through a hole in the bed, in nothing but his boxers.

What the hell was he even doing? Will started to lift himself back off the bed when the door opened and closed, stilling him instantly.

"Mr Graham," A smooth, calming voice spoke. A slight draft of cool air came in with him, reminding Will how warm the room was. He was sure that most people coming to a place like this, the environment was relaxing.

Boy, was he the wrong alpha for a place like this.

He’d have thought that the gift voucher he’d received for the place from Bev Katz was a joke, had it not been for the way she insisted he needed the break. More than insisted. She’d practically growled at him when he’d tried to protest that he didn’t need to relax.

In the end, once she’d told him she was going to rope the rest of the lab team into bullying him, Will had capitulated. In part because he really didn’t want to have to deal with Zeller more than he already had to. But mostly because he was worried it would all get back to Jack, and just make the whole thing all the more insufferable. Especially as he’d likely take Katz’s side.

“I hope you’re comfortable,” The man spoke again.

Will didn't have chance to stifle the scoff that issued from him, not always quick to engage that filter that other people seemed to have. The one that people had to stop them coming across as rude. And whilst Will usually didn't care much how he came across, he didn’t want to offend, especially not come across as though he was being dismissive of someone's line of work.

Thankfully the man's response was a gentle chuckle.

"Oh, I see." The man commented before moving next to the bed. Will could sense his presence there, a strangely overwhelming one for a beta. Will dismissed the thought, trying to turn off the empathy that, whilst it made him great at his job, plagued him.

It was even harder to ignore that ingrained and preternatural ability when the man laid a hand on his shoulder.

"I can already tell I will have a lot of knots to work out, Agent Graham." The man chuckled again and WIll felt his face flush at the mention of knots with him lying there naked but for his underwear. He was glad that his face was hidden in the hole in the masseuse table.

The hand was gone after the brief contact and Will shuddered.

Another reason he hadn't been keen on this. His empathy came with another downside. Touch easily overwhelmed him, even if he was able to keep the person shut out of his mind. But it wasn't something he'd felt comfortable telling the lab team in his counter arguments.

A mistake, he realised, now he lay on the bed with the very real prospect of some guy talking about knots, even just ones in his muscles, rubbing him all over with oils and lotions.

Will squeezed his eyes shut and tried not to think about it. About how he’d have this masseuse rattling around in his head, with all the killers and criminals.

And then he heard the a cap being flipped open on an oil bottle.

"Wait!" Will said, a moment before the hands landed on him, feeling the heat of them just above the flesh of his back. All hair standing on end. "I don't… Can we just… not do this? Maybe just sit here for forty five minutes, and if anyone checks we'll just say I had a great massage?"

There was silence. A long one, as he was sure the masseuse was trying to work out what the fuck his problem was.

Finally the man cleared his throat and moved back from the bed, enough that Will would be able to clearly see him if he decided to lift his head and make eye contact. Which he chose very much not

to do.

"Is there anything in particular you are concerned about? I can guarantee that all the products chosen for you today are hypoallergenic. And…" There was another slight pause, and then a continuation in the same clinical but friendly tone. "If you are concerned about your personal reactions. I can tell you that it is quite common, and certainly nothing unusual or shameful for an alpha to become aroused during a good massage. It is merely an instinctive reaction, and nothing to be concerned abou-"

"Christ, no. I…" Will cut the man off to stop the train of conversation, already wishing he'd had the wherewithal to do so before he had gotten the first sentence out. He just hadn't expected, nor been prepared for such a turn.

Did alphas get turned on by this? Fuck. He really didn't want to be a shaking mess of overwhelmed senses *and* have a hard on. This was turning out to be even more of a nightmare than he had imagined. And he'd imagined it being pretty fucking terrible.

"No, this just - no offence - this just isn't for me." Will forced himself up then, realising he wasn't helping his cause by remaining on the bed. He got up on his elbows, intent on manoeuvring himself off of the bed, when the man laid a hand on his shoulder again.

"I apologise if I've made you uncomfortable," Will shuddered under his touch, all the more when he looked up and saw the man. He was beautiful, in the way many of the more masculine omegas were beautiful. Though Will knew he couldn't be. This spa was very clear that all of their staff were betas, to ensure the comfort of all clients. And the omega and alpha sections were completely separate. Unless a couple sharing a room in the attached hotel, you could use the whole facility without running into anyone with a different gender dynamic.

In theory it was an excellent idea, that theory having not taken into account Agent Will Graham, who was uncomfortable around everyone, regardless of their dynamic.

“Agent Graham, if you prefer you can simply lie here and relax. Take the time to do that. I needn’t touch you.” He said the words softly, and Will had to admit to a small ache at them.

He actually did want to be touched, that was another part of the problem. He’d love to be touched by someone and it not be too much or make him lose it one way or the other.

Will sighed and let the fight drain out of him. “Okay, I’ll just… I’ll lie here for a bit.”

The man nodded and gestured for Will to resume his position, which he did.

“As I have you at a disadvantage, my name is Hannibal Lecter. You can call me Hannibal.”

Will made a non-committal noise and sank into the bed, finding it strangely comfortable to lie out completely flat with his head through a hole. He wondered if he should just get rid of his bed and buy one of these.

He was actually starting to nod off when he moved. Just a little jolt of wakefulness that completely jarred his back.

“Fuck,” He spat the word.

“Agent Graham?” Lecter asked, concern in his tone.

Will clenched his jaw, having hoped the man would leave the room. But as he hadn’t Will couldn’t really refuse to explain his cursing.

“My back. I’ve been shot... And stabbed… a few times. Not in my back, but recovery tends to make you carry yourself differently. Change your gait, stuff like that. It plays hell with my back sometimes and the muscles act up.” Will explained.

“Hmm,” A thoughtful hum from Lecter before he approached the bed. Will saw his feet for a moment and then he was beside him. “I understand. I was a medical doctor for many years before this, and have seen many gunshot and knife injuries.”

“You…” Will started, his brow knitting together. “How does someone go from being a medical doctor to being a ah-”

Will was cut off as hands touched his back, exactly where the pain was.

“You’re holding the stress here. It isn’t just the previous injuries, you exacerbate it by not relaxing.” Lecter said as he started to knead at the muscle, gently at first.

Will wanted to protest, but it felt good. The more firm Lecter’s hands, the more the pain seemed to melt away.

“I was a surgeon,” Lecter continued, “I killed someone. More accurately, I couldn’t save someone. But it felt like killing them. It happened one time too many.” Lecter took a breath, working the muscle in Will’s back “I transferred my passion for anatomy into massage therapy and no one’s died as a result, so far.”

Will could hear the smile in the man’s voice and couldn’t help but smile too.

“You should have considered therapy, you’re pretty good with the talking stuff.” Will grinned.

“Are you in need of a therapist, Will?” Lecter asked.

Will chuckled at that, “No, hell no. I don’t like being psychoanalysed. There’s enough going on in my head without someone else poking around in there.” It wasn’t lost on him how Lecter had slipped into using his given name, nor how his touch wasn’t overwhelming Will in the least.

“You sound like a prime candidate for therapy.” Lecter teased, his hands spreading out low on Will’s back. They moved so gently, so perfectly, Will really could understand how someone might get aroused from this. In fact, as much as he wanted to deny it, he was getting a little aroused himself.

“But you are worried about something, Will. You are incredibly tense. And, if you don’t mind my saying so, you clearly enjoy being touched but shy from it all the same.” Lecter pushed and Will tensed up.

He was about to ask Lecter to get off of him, when the man’s hands slid up from his lower back all the way up to his shoulders. It was all Will could do to bite back a moan.

"Yeah, I… I like it. I just can’t… I'm… too much for omegas. I can't… I lose control. I can't trust myself around them. They're too…"

"Delicate." Lecter finished, and Will wasn't sure he'd use that word, they both understood the meaning. No matter how physically strong an omega or beta was, it was nothing compared to the strength of an alpha in rut. One that was also unable to control themselves in that rut, was a danger indeed.

"Perhaps you haven't met the right person yet." Lecter continued, and Will scoffed.

Lecter ceased for a moment and the sounds made it clear he was pouring more oil into his hands, before he placed them on Will's back again. It was staggering how keenly he had felt that loss of touch in those few moments. He felt his cock throb for a moment, making him clench his jaw.

"I should try and find some sort of superhuman strength omega?" Will's tone was mocking.

"Perhaps," The word came out on a drawl, followed quickly and completely seriously with, "Or a fellow alpha."

Will laughed at that, such a ridiculous suggestion that it must have been a joke. But he realised the beta didn't join in."

"I'm not gay," Will replied plainly.

"How do you know unless you've you've tried?" Lecter asked, again polite and pleasant. So difficult to tell someone to piss off when they were being so pleasant.

"You're saying I might be gay but didn't know it because I've never been with an alpha?" Will scoffed again.

He felt by his movement, Lecter shrug. "Perhaps. Or maybe sexuality isn't as rigidly binary as people suppose. You could like a person regardless of their gender and experience sexual pleasure with them."

"Christ," Will pulled away then, sitting up so that Lecter's hands fell away as he scrubbed a hand roughly over his face, "Why are we even talking about this?"

"I believe you brought it up." Lecter replied, matter of factly,

Will considered the words and realised he had, inadvertently. He frowned, feeling like somehow it had only come up because Lecter had wanted it to. Manipulation was obviously a strong suit for him. He would have made a great therapist, Will was sure.

"I think we're done here." Will all but growled, swinging his legs around and getting down from the bed.

"Of course," Lecter inclined his head, "I'll give you privacy to get dressed. It was nice meeting you Agent Graham."

Before Will could answer that one way or another, the man was closing the door behind him.

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Will had held out for two weeks after the massage. Bev had started to tease him at work about how grochy he was getting and how it was likely his alpha instinct not to be alone for Christmas.

He huffed at that, and she just laughed. But he was more inclined to let her believe such ridiculousness than admit thatt he'd been in need of a good fuck since the massage.

It had sparked something in him, maybe a need to prove Hannibal Lecter wrong. But he couldn't deny that there was also a need for intimacy that he was usually very much in control of. Until someone had rubbed their hands all over his body and taken care of his aches and pains.

He didn't do this often. But he was doing it now. He'd spent a week taking some over the counter rut suppressants. He wasn't due his quarterly rut, but had learned in his college days that he was easily triggered into early rut. Another drawback of his empathy disorder.

And that he couldn't risk. He'd barely been able to control himself in his last rut and practically ended up smashing up his bedroom to the point of uninhabitability. He'd had to buy a new bed and had set it up downstairs, expecting that someday he would get around to sorting out his room, he was sure. He was just so thankful he hadn't spent the rut with anyone, not wanting to even entertain what sort of damage he might have done to an omega. Even one sent by a service that were used to all sorts of things.

They weren't used to an alpha tapping into some darkness within him. The same darkness that allowed him to understand killers.

By the time he got to the notorious hook-up bar, he had decided he wouldn't pick up an omega under any circumstances. Beta only. Preferably male. In very general terms the male betas tended to have great muscle tone, more ability to deal with a powerful alpha. The females had a higher pain threshold but often less muscle tone. He wanted them to be able to potentially protect themselves, not just endure. And the thought set him on edge.

At least with the suppressants, he'd be able to control himself, but there was little he could do about strength, other than hope to find a lay who could hold their own.

The bar was packed. It was a Friday night so that wasn't unexpected. And in fact was likely better for him in terms of chances of a pick up. He knew he wasn't unattractive, and at times he'd even been told he could almost be charming. He just needed to not be his usual gruff self. Not twitchy and weird as he also knew he could be.

Will went immediately to the bar. It was a very long bar and common, he knew, for people to sit at the bar with their drink as an indication that they were looking for a hookup.

And so he did that and had a drink. And then another.

He was onto his third drink, feeling his usual sense of discomfort and hostility in a place like this, when he started to look around. It was clear that no one was going to approach him, so he began to look up and down the bar to see if there were any people he might consider approaching. He'd send them a drink via the bartender first, gauge the interest.

But when he looked he realised that on one side the stool was empty, and on the other three were empty. Everyone was giving him a wide berth, He huffed and felt his hackles rise, realising immediately that this underlying hostile energy was doing him no favours.

He huffed a sigh and considered leaving at that moment. Even considered hiring a service, though it was always more difficult to get a beta through those. Most of the books were full of omega and alpha surrogate heat or rut partners.

In that moment he considered for the first time, Lecter's suggestion of being with an alpha.

He knew the lie in it immediately. It was only the first time he'd allowed himself to acknowledge that he'd considered the suggestion.

Will knocked back the last of his drink and was about to stand when a hand landed gently on his shoulder and someone slid into the stool that was on his blind side.

He turned to look at them, sensing something familiar in the touch. All the same he was surprised to turn and see Hannibal Lecter sat next to him.

For a brief moment the consideration of going home with this beta popped into his mind. He wasn't sure what dismissed the thought quicker, the hostility he felt towards the intrusive man or that fact that he clearly wasn't a beta.

Even in the crowded bar, it was immediately obvious that the man was an alpha. His scent plumed in the air between them and made Will shudder. A reaction to being around another formidable alpha. His instincts recognising the potential for a power struggle.

"Hello, Will." Lecter's smile was like that of a shark. And whilst nothing had notably changed - the way he held himself, his tone, his demeanour - he was clearly an alpha. It was so obvious now and yet at the spa he'd passed even Will by in his well maintained beta suit.

"Blockers?" Will asked, though it was more an accusation.

Lecter let his hand drop and signalled the bartender for drinks. "Yes, as you know, they only employ betas in spas."

"There's a reason for that," Will countered angrily.

Lecter cocked his head and smiled, clearly not taking Will seriously. "Yes, and quite rightly. If I were massaging omegas and risked sending them into heat or myself into rut, it would be quite the ethical concern."

Will cocked a brow and went wide-eyed at the statement.

"Huh. Can I assume then, given that you massage alphas that you are not attracted to them and risking the same issue?" Will growled the words, sure he already knew the answer.

As drinks were set in front of them, Lecter smirked, "I consider myself pansexual, so that assumption would be incorrect. But I am yet to have ever been influenced into a rut. I am quite in control of my instincts."

"Inappropriate and immoral, doctor," Will scalded angrily.

"Hmm," Lecter's hum seemed to be in agreement, "Did you give any further consideration to what I said?"

Will let out a shaky breath, his jaw clenching.

"I'm not comfortable continuing this discussion. Thank you for the drink." Will knocked back the whiskey and went to stand, but Lecter's hand landed on his arm, the strength of the alpha keeping him in place and causing a tremor through Will. He'd never been with someone before who could

hold their own with him, much less overpower him. And he could feel most certainly that Hannibal Lecter could overpower him. And by extension perhaps many an alpha.

For a moment he did consider Lecter's words.

"I'm not gay," He reiterated in a growl, shaking Lecter off.

"Shame. I do find you rather interesting." Was the reply, an ever so slight smile there that Will wanted to smack off the man's face.

The whole situation angered him. He had no issue with anyone's sexual orientation, didn't even have issue with people coming onto him. He'd had it before in college, politely declined and been flattered by the attention all the same. But this was different. Hannibal Lecter, like all alphas, was a predator. But unlike any other before, he made Will feel like prey.

Will couldn't for one moment believe that this was a chance encounter.

He stood and pulled on his jacket, Lecter not impeding him this time.

"Have you been following me?" Will asked, bluntly.

That earned him a lopsided grin, "Following? No. However, after our previous encounter, my medical knowledge prompted me to believe that you might find a release necessary. I will admit to having frequented this, and similar bars, over the last few days in expectation of running into you."

"Am I that predictable?" Will growled.

Lecter huffed a laugh, "In this one instance. And only because I have a sound medical understanding of the sexual needs of an alpha. Otherwise no. In fact, this was the last bar I thought I'd find you in and only stopped by on the off chance as it was on my way home."

"Fuck," Will muttered shaking his head. "You realise how creepy this is, right?"

Lecter grinned, "I'm glad you think so. An omega would consider it attentive, perhaps even a precursor to courting."

"I'm not an omega," Will retorted.

"You certainly aren't." Lecter replied, eyeing him up and down.

Will turned on his heel then and stalked from the bar. Nothing more to say and not willing to entertain the crazy son-of-a-bitch any longer.

Later that evening at home in his bed, he tried to convince himself that it was lack of viable companion and not the thought of a powerful alpha in his bed that had him coming almost as soon as he started to jerk off.

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Will gave up on the idea of taking more to his bed than just his right hand, trying to go back to the lack of importance he placed on intimacy before he met Hannibal Lecter.

But now the Christmas break was upon them and there were no lessons to teach. There hadn't even been a new case from Crawford for a few days. Fate seemed to conspire against all his efforts to distract himself from the increasing ache he felt.

He'd even considered going out ice fishing, but the ice wasn't quite thick enough yet.

With little else to do, Will had no more excuses to not head into the city and get the only gift he would be buying.

Every year he bought something fancy for his dad and mailed it. He hadn't seen the man in years, and he had always criticised Will for his job in law enforcement. Despite Will no longer being *just a beat cop*, nothing was ever good for his dad, a man who had done very little with his own life. And so every year, his only contact with the man, was to send him some expensive piece of shit to show how well he'd done for himself.

It was really fucking petty, but it was the only communication his dad understood.

Will's taste was much more practical and basic than those of the kind of people who shopped in the sort of places he'd get his dad's gift from, so it was always a chore. This year he'd already decided on buying him some fancy juice maker he'd seen advertised in a magazine. There were only a couple of places that sold it in the city. Will decided to go for the upmarket kitchen store he'd never usually set foot in, instead of the department store. Reasoning that they'd be less likely to have sold out considering how late he'd left it, and it might not be quite as crowded.

All considered, Will had pretty much written off the day for any kind of real productivity let alone any enjoyment.

Something even more the case when he saw Hannibal Lecter.

Will had been wandering looking on the shelves for what he wanted, not really wanting to interact more than necessary with anyone. When he saw Hannibal Lecter at the end of the isle looking at bags of the most expensive coffee on the market.

Will let out a huff of exasperation before checking himself and wincing. He'd really rather Lecter not know he was there. But then it was too late, Lecter looked up and saw him, a slight grin on his face.

Will stalked forward until he was close enough to growl quietly, "Did you follow me here?"

Lecter chuckled, "Will, I can assure you this is one of the last places I thought I'd see you. And no, I got the message last time. I will admit to hoping we might run into each other again, and I am admittedly persistent, but I'm not a fool. Stalking you would not be a good way to win your favour."

Will blinked, unsure how to reply for a moment, so confident was the implication that he *would* win Will's favour.

Finally, he replied with a rather unimaginative, "Just stay away from me!"

But he didn't walk away, and the expression on Lecter's face subtly changed to surprise and then satisfaction.

"Fuck," Will muttered and looked down, he couldn't ignore his own arousal. He wasn't getting hard yet but he knew Lecter could no doubt scent the pheromones his body was producing.

"You seem tense, Will. Perhaps a massage would help you?" There was no taunt in the words and Will had been so certain there would be. That Lecter would be cruel about his arousal.

But when he looked up to meet the other alpha's eyes he could see the desperation there and how deeply he was also affected.

Will took a steadying breath and breathed in Lecter's own interest.

"Fuck," He muttered again. "I don't… I've never…"

Lecter swallowed and then smiled, composure completely back in place.

"Perhaps we should finish our shopping and then you might like to visit at my home? It's not far from here."

Will snorted, "I bet it isn't," referring to the rather affluent part of the city they found themselves in. He looked at Lecter quickly, expecting the man to have taken offence, but instead he chuckled and nodded.

"Yes, quite." Then he indicated the way Will had come from, "Shall we?"

Will nodded and turned, heading back to the juicers, as though it was quite normal to be shopping with the alpha who was possible stalking you, had already seen you almost entirely naked and you found yourself bizarrely attracted to despite never before having been attracted to fellow alphas. Yes, very normal.

"A gift?" Lecter asked, as Will stopped in front of the varied and expensive looking machines.

He nodded, "For my dad."

Lecter raised a brow at that but said nothing, and once more Will wondered if a better move for the man would have been psychiatry given the way he seemed to be constantly evaluating.

He could feel Lecter studying him as he picked up the juicer he'd come for.

"A thoughtful gift, he must enjoy fruit juice." Lecter was clearly fishing and Will no longer had the energy to resist.

"I wouldn't know." Will commented back. "It's expensive and, if he doesn't like juice, pointless. Either way frivolous. He thought I'd amount to nothing so…"

"So this is your proof that you have amounting to something. Not a gift so much as a taunt and snub in one." Lecter observed.

Will let out an amused huff, at the not inaccurate observation, "It's petty."

"It is," Lecter confirmed, "But sometimes being petty can feel good. And if once a year you wish to feel good at the discomfit of someone who clearly thinks little of you, who could blame you? One might even call it self care."

Will did chuckle at that, admitting defeat at trying to avoid Lecter's therapeutic tendencies, "That's an interesting way to justify my being an asshole to my own father."

Will picked up the juicer and looked at Lecter, there was amusement in his ever so subtle expression. Will found he liked that.

"Yes, well. Sometimes it is also therapeutic to be an asshole, especially towards those who have been assholes to us."

Will laughed and shook his head, starting towards the cashier and knowing that the other alpha was following behind him.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Will investigates Hannibal's suggestion that he needs an alpha.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will had driven to the city, so Hannibal rather trustingly, gave him his address and said they could meet there. It would take Will about the same time to retrieve his car and drive over as it would for Hannibal to stroll home with his new packets of fancy coffee grounds.

The strange thing was that he wasn't having second thoughts as he drove. If anything he was eager.

Regardless of how things had started, or maybe because of them, he felt an odd and unexpected connection with Hannibal Lecter. He read Will so well, which both surprised and infuriated him, but he found it was nice to be seen. Even the shit about his dad, which on so many levels was bad. It made clear what an asshole Will was, and most people wouldn't have looked beyond that.

But it was like Hannibal had wandered into his childhood and seen some of the shit that he'd had to put up with after his mom died, and taken that all on board. And maybe he was right, being a shit to the man who made very clear he could never stand the sight of him, did feel like cathartic self care.

When he got to the address Hannibal had given, Will took a breath.

On the one hand, he wasn't surprised. Lecter seemed just the type to live in an upmarket townhouse. And given his airs and graces, and his previous employment as a surgeon, he had to consider that Lecter might not be short a penny.

For a moment, Will considered parking out on the street, but then thought better of it, amusing himself by driving up onto the man's driveway and parking next to the shiny Bentley in his very out of place car.

Before Will even got out of his car, Hannibal was at the front door, opening it having heard him arrive. And Will waited for some sort of scalding about parking there. Clearly this man moved in very different social circles, and had fate not conspired, they would never have met.

But Hannibal didn't even look at the car. He wore a soft smile and his eyes tracked Will's every movement. Eagerly, he'd say.

"Hello, Will." The words were a low rumble as Hannibal stepped aside to let Will into the house.

It was as fancy as Will had expected from the outside, though a little more old-fashioned than he would have assumed. Though that, it turned out, was a misconception too when they walked through to the very modern kitchen. Eclectic and eccentric.

“Would you like a drink? Some wine perhaps?” Hannibal asked, slipping behind the counter. Will remained the opposite side as he considered and then nodded.

“I guess I should loosen up? This isn’t exactly in my comfort zone,” Will commented as he started to wander. He touched some of the fancy machines and fittings. One item looked like something from a science lab, but the grounds and smell told him it was the most ridiculous coffee machine he’d ever seen. “If I wasn’t so wound up already, I’d have to try some of that coffee you bought.” Will teased, easily. Ridiculously easily.

And Hannibal grinned back as he removed the cork from the wine bottle and started to pour.

“Perhaps in the morning,” Hannibal said, brazen.

Will laughed and took the offered glass.

“You’re really not subtle.”

“I don’t see a need to be. We clearly are attracted to each other, even if you are unsure how to process that. And I can *help* you process that.” Hannibal lifted his glass to his own lips, clearly aware that Will was now staring at them, as he took a sip of his wine.

“Okay,” Will nodded, “Say I’m attracted to you. Or, any alpha for the matter. What does that even mean? I liked what you said about an alpha being able to hold their own. Is that what I’m attracted to? I’m pretty sure I don’t want a knot in my ass.”

Hannibal huffed a laugh, “You’d be surprised how many alphas enjoy assplay. Even the straight ones.”

Hannibal cleared his throat and Will had the sense that there had been something in that entire exchange that he’d missed. The air seemed to have changed between them when he mentioned any alpha, not Hannibal specifically, and it had settled again now.

It took him a moment to realise that he had, for the first time in his life, been on the receiving end of sexual or romantic alphan instincts. Of course, all alphas end up on the receiving end of the aggression or territoriality of other alphas, even if it’s just in high school. But this was very specifically that sense he’d had himself from time to time even without intention. The possessive instincts of an alpha when faced with not being the only suitor.

There was something in that that made him tingle. A kind of buzz that came with knowing someone felt that way about him, even if for a brief moment and without any real thought.

They were quiet as they sipped, the tension building between them, until finally Will asked something that had been playing on his mind.

“Why was it the last bar he thought you’d find me in? That’s what you said. It was the first bar I went to, but you thought it was a last ditch effort.” Will puzzled, sipping again and feeling the wine rise a blush on his cheeks. Surely just the wine.

Hannibal quirked and brow and hummed, clearly satisfied that Will had taken the time to consider things Hannibal had said to him. He took another drink before setting his glass down and leaning on the counter, looking over at Will with something of a smile.

“I thought that you’d go to a beta only bar initially, rather than straight to one frequented by all dynamics. I hadn’t predicted it, I liked that I was wrong. I like that you surprise me,” Hannibal’s words dripped with seduction, and when Will looked away, he continued in a much less aggressively sexual tone. “I knew you wouldn’t want an omega, but a beta would have likely sated your interests… for a short while. But the seed had been planted and now here we are.”

“So, you think you influenced me into this? Into contemplating an alpha?” Will asked, considering it himself. Was he only considering being with an alpha because someone clearly skilled at manipulation, had wanted him to?

Hannibal shook his head and chuckled, “Oh, no. No, Will. Not at all. Sexuality, whilst it can be fluid, still has personal parameters. If you were disinclined towards alphas deep down, perhaps even homophobic, my words wouldn’t have intrigued you or impacted the way they have. And…” Hannibal started around the counter, walking very steadily towards Will. “Let’s just say I am a good judge of people. In fact, usually better than with you. But well enough that I knew you harboured some interest in alphas, likely having been socialised in a way that it would never have occurred to you without prompting. You’d have just lived your life wondering why there was always something, not. Quite. Right.”

Hannibal was next to him then, taking the glass from his hand and setting it down.

Will hadn’t realised that his breathing and heart rate had picked up during the stalk towards him, and now he was getting hard.

“That easy to read, huh?” It came out as something of a challenge.

Hannibal smirked, his hand suddenly cupping Will’s hard crotch. “I knew it when I scented your arousal during the massage.”

Will winced, leaning back against the counter as he pushed his hips further forward and into Hannibal’s hand.

“I… I didn’t know you were an alpha then.” Will protested.

“You do now,” Hannibal chuckled and then pressed his mouth to Will’s.

The kiss was slow but a little rough, a nip here and there at his lips. It was a tease, but a considerate one, not meant to scare.

It was Will that deepened the kiss, wrapping his arms around Hannibal’s neck and kissing back roughly.

“Bedroom?” Will asked, breathless as he drew back from the kiss, but eager to keep the momentum and not spend too long thinking about this. He wanted to jump in at the deep end and not lose his nerve.

Hannibal shook his head, “I have a massage studio down here. The bed will be… adequate. And I think you perhaps need to relax.”

Will swallowed and allowed himself to be led from the kitchen.

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“Ungh… There…” Will groaned as Hannibal’s hands zeroed in on that tension he’d been holding in his shoulder since they last did this.

Hannibal made a hum of pleasure, actually enjoying this therapeutic session, Will realised.

When they’d gotten to Hannibal’s studio, the alpha had insisted Will need to relax for whatever they ended up doing. And he didn’t disagree, considering he then instantly tensed at the idea of being knotted.

There was something appealing in it, but not enough to make him want to do it. At least not right now, maybe it was something he could work up to if Hannibal was interested in seeing him again.

That thought sort of floored him and made him even more tense, so of course he had stripped to his boxers and let the alpha lay him out and start rubbing oil into his back.

It wasn’t exactly a recreation last time, not just because this time Will was perfectly willing, but also because Hannibal had immediately stripped too. Will was sure it was only for his comfort rather than Hannibal’s that the man retained his silk boxers.

Will tried not to look at Hannibal’s body before he lay out on the massage bed. Wondering if he should be concerned by how much the alpha physique turned him on now faced with it. Now he really let himself consider it.

He had already been fairly hard, but he was like rock the moment Hannibal lay hands on him.

Will supposed it should feel weird, or unusual at the least. Something new that he wasn't certain of. But he found himself increasingly certain with each moment, that he could see the prospect of being with an alpha. Perhaps specifically this alpha.

"Hannibal," He groaned his name in response to the man's actions and his own thoughts.

Both groan and breath were cut off as Hannibal's hands inched lower. Will stilled completely as fingers moved his waistband down to get better access to his lower back. But for a moment Will had thought the intent very different and had been about to protest.

Hannibal clearly sensed this, gentle as his hands moved back up and he muttered, "I won't do anything you're uncomfortable with, Will. In any respect."

Will let out a hum of approval, trusting the alpha in a way he rarely trusted anyone so quickly.

"In fact," Hannibal continued, his hands moving delicately, the knots all worked out, he pulled back. Hannibal's hands left him and he could hear the alpha rinsing the oils from them. "Perhaps you'd like to massage me?"

At first Will wasn't sure he'd completely understood, so with the effort of someone truly relaxed, Will rolled to his side to watch Hannibal.

When the alpha turned from the sink and back to him, his eyes burned.

“Would you like to massage me, Will?” Hannibal crooned the words and Will shivered, swinging himself around to sit up as Hannibal walked forward and picked up a small bottle of oil from the side.

"Fuck, yes… I think I would." Will swallowed and took the offered oil bottle that Hannibal then held out to him. Will practically jumped from the bed, trembling as he stood there, his boxers obscenely tented.

He watched as the alpha lay himself down on the bed in his place, on his front, his hips slightly raised. Not obscenely so, but clearly indicating what it was Will was to massage.

Will let out a shuddering breath, pouring some oil onto his fingers and tentatively pressing them to Hannibal's hole. His hesitation vanished the moment Hannibal groaned.

"Hmm," Hannibal hummed his pleasure, "It feels good Will, I promise. It won't hurt me. I'm not delicate, nor a novice."

At those words, Will was sorely tempted to remove his fingers and just shove his cock right in. The thought of Hannibal being able to withstand however hard Will fucked him, consumed him. That Hannibal wouldn't break if he fucked him into the mattress and knotted him. The thought that someone else had knotted him before.

Hannibal was right, as much as he didn't want to admit aloud, it was an alpha he needed.

With a grunt, Will pushed two fingers inside Hannibal, who grunted back and then moaned.

He was tight, but not as tight as Will had expected. Will had to wonder if it was just that he was so relaxed, or whether the alpha regularly was fucked in the ass, far from a novice in fact. The thought that Hannibal might have been fucked by someone else the night before, or even earlier that day, enraged Will in a way he'd never been before.

He felt… possessive. A natural alphan instinct he'd never before felt.

He was unable to stop the growl that came from his chest and up through his tight throat as he leaned over Hannibal. Fingers still inside him as he moved his mouth up to the alpha's ear

"Someone in your bed last night?"

Hannibal grunted, and Will was pretty sure that if he wasn't finger fucking the man, he'd had grinned and taunted. But instead a breath left him in a rush and he rumbled back. Not quite a growl.

"Not recently… Only toys and… my imagination."

Will didn't know what was more of a turn on, the idea of Hannibal fucking himself on a dildo or that he might have been fantasising about Will whilst doing so. Either way it pulled a groan from him and he removed his fingers.

"Artificial slick?" Will asked, his voice rough.

Hannibal shook his head where it hung down, supporting his weight on his elbows. He looked over his shoulder, "Just the oil, use the oil. I don't want to smell like omega."

Will closed his eyes and took a breath. He was hit by such a sudden swell of arousal he thought he might come. He didn't want Hannibal to smell like anything other than an alpha either, he realised with painful acuity.

Will held back the growl that felt lodged in his jaws, as he picked up the oil again and poured out likely much more than necessary into his palm. He stroked his now painfully aching cock, getting it nice and slick, feeling how swollen his knot already was. Part of him worried that he it would be difficult for Hannibal to take, but a large part of him was eager to force it inside the alpha. Test that theory Hannibal had, and make him open completely for him.

"Will," Hannibal's growl was a demand not a request and Will climbed onto the sturdy bed, kneeling instantly behind Hannibal and tapping his cock at the man's rim as he stroked himself a couple more times.

"Will," A deeper demand, aggressive this time. Will wondered at what point Hannibal would just throw him down and take his pleasure, sink onto his cock and ride him. And damn, he wanted that at some point too.

As he finally sank inside Hannibal's tight heat, it was very much not lost on him that from the moment they had decided to come back to Hannibal’s house he hadn't considered this a one time thing.

He wasn't sure what it was exactly, considering he didn't really do relationships. But then until today he hadn't considered that he might be gay, even if just a little.

Either way, he was strangely comfortable with the whole thing, and that was before he sank knot deep into the alpha

Hannibal let out a grunt that stretched into a groan as Will pushed slowly into him until his knot pressed against the tight rim.

He definitely hadn't expected such little resistance.

"Keep yourself ready for any alphas you might bring home?"

Hannibal was panting, sweat dripping from his forehead and his hair stuck to it, as he looked over his shoulder with a grin.

"You're determined to find me a whore, Will. Is that jealousy?"

Will considered that it might be just that, but had no wish to admit to it, so instead he drew back and then thrust back in, slamming home.

Hannibal shook, and growled, but there was nothing to indicate those were sounds of anything but pleasure.

"I find masturbation relieves stress, you should probably increase your own self care time, Will." Hannibal grunted out, as though he wasn't impaled on him.

"I appreciate that you care about my orgasms," Will snapped back, a chuckle in there all the same. He had never had this before, not even with a beta. The words, the tension, it was like they were on the verge of fighting as much as they were fucking. Like any moment they might be wrestling against each other for dominance.

That, that was what he wanted. That was why Hannibal was right.

Will swallowed, wanting the push and pull, physical and vocal, "You like to fuck your ass? Bet that's the only way you can come," Will growled and pounded into him a couple more times, his knot throbbing against Hannibal's rim.

"I have a very sensitive prostate," Hannibal countered as he pushed himself back so hard on Will's cock that he started to take his knot.

Will groaned and his eyes rolled, at the ridiculous taunt and the increased pressure on his cock.

He carried on fucking with abandon, Hannibal meeting each thrust as Will dug his fingers into Hannibal's hips, almost hard enough to draw blood.

And then Will was over him, pressing him to the bed and fucking him violently. The weight of his body pining Hannibal completely, his strength enough to hold the other alpha in place as he used him.

Hannibal didn't fight it, merely writhed and groaned, continuing to press back.

Will sank his teeth into Hannibal's shoulder, another alpha move of domination, not that it was required. But he was sure it left Hannibal in no doubt as to why Will found it difficult to be with omegas and betas. Most alphas had control of these baser instincts, thus violence inside them that could usually only be withstood by an omega in heat, and sometimes not even then.

Instincts that Will's empathy disorder made it difficult to control when being intimate.

At the least Hannibal was getting a first hand experience of it now. Which he had asked for, Will reminded himself, allowing himself to lose that last little bit of control. Hannibal had suggested this and then placed himself in the role of the suitable alpha.

He let go. With a beastial cry he took tight grip of Hannibal's body, smelling the blood he drew with his digging fingers. And then he slammed his already completely engorged knot into Hannibal. Forcing it past the resisting rings of muscle not intended to accommodate it.

Hannibal cried out in pain, but Will didn't hesitate, no longer able to. Even so, he felt the relief when Hannibal reached back and dug his own fingers into Will's thigh, pulling him deeper. permitting and encouraging the violent penetration.

“Fuckk…” Will groaned as he pressed as deep as he could, barely able to thrust where his knot was hugged so tightly within Hannibal.

So he just moved, hard, shallow thrusts which made Hannibal grunt with each one.

“Will,” Hannibal was hoarse, “Sensitive… unghh…” Apparently Hannibal hadn’t been kidding about having a sensitive prostate, and now Will’s knot pressed firmly against it, was enough to make the alpha come untouched.

Hannibal’s asshole clenched around him, tighter than anything he’d ever experienced before. And then Will was coming as well. He spilled and spilled until he was sure he was completely drained. Until he was sure Hannibal was probably full to bursting.

He couldn’t help but reach around to smooth a hand over the alpha’s belly to see if it was as distended as he was sure it might be. He couldn’t feel a bulge, but it was firm and full and Hannibal

groaned at his touch.

At that Will came again. This time truly empty as his balls contracted and ached, emptying the last bit of seed he had into his lover.

Hannibal clenched around him in spasms, the aftershocks of his own climax, and it felt so good. It was never going to hold his knot, didn't have the internal parts for it like an omega had. Will had been with betas enough to know how it would go. But nothing truly prepared him for when he finally pulled out.

His knot was still swollen, visibly throbbing with the need to be tied, and so he put his fist around it and squeezed. Enough to sate, though it was a miracle he didn't come again when he looked down and saw his come, frothing out of Hannibal's flexing hole.

Will groaned, still clutching at his cock and landing his free hand on Hannibal's ass, to squeeze a cheek and push at it slightly. He watched as his movements encouraged his seed to drip from Hannibal in big globs. It was much hotter than Will would ever have credited.

At the sight of a few light traces of pink and red, Will winced. Only for a moment, remembering that Hannibal could have stopped him at any time, and wanted it rough as much as he did. And it was just a little, so very slight. Had Hannibal been an omega and Will had let himself go like that, or worse - gone into rut - he'd have been appalled at the damage it would have done. It wasn't worth considering.

Even so, still mesmerised by the sight of his come, he asked, "Are you hurt?"

Hannibal shook his head and gave a satisfied hum.

"No," His voice was ragged. "That was perfect, Will. You were perfect."

There was something in those words that caught Will by surprise. Or rather in the tone. Hannibal sounded like he hadn't expected it to be as good as it was. Or hadn't expected to connect with Will as much as he had? It wasn't clear, and Will wasn't sure he wanted to open up that conversation. At least not in that moment.

Because regardless of anything else, Will Graham had just had the best sex of his life, and he didn't plan on ruining the moment.

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They were back in the kitchen. Sat in just their underwear at the counter, drinking whiskey that Hannibal had poured them.

It was getting dark out, and Will realised he'd missed the chance to mail the present to his dad that day. He'd have to do it the next day and likely it would be late for Christmas. Though he was beyond caring about that.

"What are you thinking about?" Hannibal asked, cocking a brow with his curiosity and shifting on his stool to enable him to run a foot gently up Will's calf.

It was a strange feeling, this casual intimacy. Like they'd been doing this years. It was nice, if slightly bizarre. He'd never had much intimacy with anyone, let alone any that didn't take a fuck

load of work on his end. This took no effort at all, and Will was unusually comfortable with how good that felt.

“My dad,” Will admitted, unable to stop the grin when Hannibal’s foot stopped and settled next to his on the stool bar.

“Interesting… Do you usually think about your father post coitus?” There was a tease in there, and Will couldn’t resist teasing back.

“I thought you weren’t a therapist? You want me to tell you about my father, doctor?” Will grinned and sipped at his whiskey.

Hannibal returned the smile.

“The gift.”

“Yeah, I didn’t mail it.”

“There’s a post office not far from here. It opens at 8am.” Hannibal seemed a little trepidatious as he spoke. Maybe even nervous. He covered it by taking a drink of his own.

“Yeah?” Will asked, moving his own foot to rub up Hannibal’s leg. To let him know he wasn’t out there on that limb all on his own.

Pretty sure they were definitely on the same limb. The one that featured them spending the night together, and then dates or dinner, drinks. More sex. Love. A future.

And none of it seemed at all strange to Will, when it really totally should. A month ago if someone had told him he’d be considering a future with a fellow alpha, he’d have thought they were nuts.

But now?

Will scooted to the edge of his stool and leaned in, glad when Hannibal met him part way and they shared a gentle and chaste kiss.

Fuck, it was so good. So so good. He didn’t ever want this feeling to end. Being intimate with Hannibal didn’t cause him their horrific feedback it did with others. Maybe because they were so attuned? He didn’t want to question it. Just wanted to enjoy it.

Will’s heart was thumping as he pulled back and studied Hannibal for a moment. His eyes still closed for just a second and his face so full of bliss.

Will cleared his throat, “I, um. I guess you have Christmas plans?” He asked, already dreading the idea of going home the next day and then not seeing the alpha for a few days after whilst the seasonal festivities happened.

“Not this year,” Hannibal said, shaking his head. “I have a few invites. Parties, but no firm commitments. Traditionally, I’ve spent this time of year alone, since I was a child.”

There was something behind those words that Will instantly knew was dark and painful. It made him realise how little they really knew about each, and still for the life of him that wasn’t off putting. Just an opportunity to discover more about each other as time went on.

“Me too,” Will replied, his tone low and comforting, reassuring. “I only had my dad, and when I left…” He shrugged.

Hannibal nodded and gave a reassuring smile.

And then he took a deep breath, letting it out as though letting go of many ghosts.

“We could… spend it together? Is there something you enjoy doing that we could do together?” Will wanted to wince at how idiotic he was sure he sounded.

But then Hannibal’s face broke into a grin and he said, “I very much enjoying hunting.”

Will found himself smiling back, realising that Hannibal had been so right all along. He really had needed another alpha for them to truly be able to understand him.

“What a coincidence,” Will replied and leaned in for another kiss.

Chapter End Notes

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